

## Business Directory.

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GEO. HAHN, 58 State st.  
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"C. AND B. LINE."  
REMEMBER that commencing with opening of navigation, (May 1, 1895,) this company will place in commission exclusively between  
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For full particulars see later issues of this paper or address  
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**The Work of a Bedridden Invalid.**  
Miss Jennie Cageday, international superintendent of the Flower mission, who died at Louisville recently, was a remarkable instance of what a bedridden invalid could accomplish. "She had not known a well day for 30 years, and during but little of that time could she keep out of bed, always having to be raised by nurse or relative, yet she was always busy and always cheerful. She was the chief religious worker in Louisville and inspired by example if she could not take an active part. She organized several boards of religious workers, founded many charitable enterprises and raised money to aid in countless good works. Most of this was done by appeals among her friends, but she wrote hundreds of letters, some going to all parts of the world.  
Miss Cageday was born June 9, 1840, a day now celebrated all over the world by the Flower mission as "prison day." On this day the mission workers visit the jails and penal institutions, carrying flowers and tracts to the inmates. The custom was suggested by Miss Cageday. In honor of her birthday that date was selected for the annual observance.

**Why Women's Wages Are Kept Down.**  
In pursuit of a livelihood the hope or ultimate intention of a woman to marry is a drawback to her success. She enters any vocation half heartedly, not as a life career, but as a temporary stop gap. Abandoning her trade for marriage, years afterward perhaps she returns to it, an invalid and with dependents, her hand robbed of its cunning, and she must take her place at the bottom of the ladder. Economically indeed, she is yet an industrial makeshift, rarely displacing man except at half his pay. Again, being unorganized, women cannot fight.  
Such trades unions as dare form are, for want of leadership, scotched by hard hitting manufacturers at one blow, few associations surviving one formal complaint or strike. Shoe and tobacco unions have obtained substantial results in shortening hours and raising pay. Some localities and industries need no unions, but tradeworkers co-operating for defense here, as in England, might achieve enormous benefits for female wage earners.—Clare de Graffenried in Forum.

**Princess Katulani in Washington.**  
Princess Katulani and her suite attended service at the Episcopal churches twice on Sunday. Monday morning the callers were numerous, composed principally of naval officers and travelers who have visited the Hawaiian Islands and there made her acquaintance. The princess went out for a walk in the morning and Mrs. and Miss Davies for a drive.  
President and Mrs. Cleveland accorded a special reception to the princess in the afternoon, the meeting taking place in the blue parlor. The princess was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Davies, their daughter and a lady friend. The call was entirely of a social nature and lasted probably a quarter of an hour. The princess said subsequently that Mrs. Cleveland was the only lady that she ever fell in love with.—Washington Cor. New York Herald.

**Yankee Girls For Texas.**  
Since the resident of Anstin confided to Mayor Matthews in a touching epistle the fact that he and his friends were tired of single blessedness the mayor's private secretary has been kept busy looking over the communications from maidens who are in the state of mind described by Mr. Barkis. Judging from the communications, these maidens are not only willing—they are anxious.  
Either the fact that each represents a unit of that great body of unmarried women of Massachusetts which has furnished material for facetious paragraphs has preyed upon their minds or the atmosphere of Boston has become too chilly for them and they pine for the milder regions bordering the Rio Grande. It is evident that the Texan bachelors will not have to wait long for helpmates.—Boston Transcript.

**Mrs. Miller's Knowledge of Birds.**  
Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, the well known writer on birds, did not know one bird from another till she was past middle age. At that time a friend, who was an enthusiastic ornithologist, visited her, and to entertain her Mrs. Miller took her through Central and Prospect parks and made with her various excursions to the suburbs of New Jersey and Long Island. It was while endeavoring to prove a sympathetic companion to her bird loving friend that her own interest was suddenly awakened. Her ardor and knowledge grew constantly, and today she is an accepted authority on all matters concerning the feathered species. Mrs. Miller starts this spring on a trip to Utah, California and the Yellowstone park in pursuit of her favorite study.—New York Times.

**The Right to Propose.**  
What surprises me, considering the vast number of ladies who preach the equality of the sex in everything, is that an effort is not made to secure equal rights in proposing. To marry is more important to a woman than to have a vote. Why, then, should proposing be limited to one sex? Men are naturally more bashful than women, and the result of the present one sided rule is that many a man remains single because he cannot bring his courage up to the proposing point, and as a necessary consequence many a girl remains single because of the same reason. An association of girls, each pledged to propose to any man whom she might deem a desirable husband, would be far more practical than an anticlerical society.—Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

**A Newspaper Woman's Commission.**  
Miss Adeline E. Knapp has gone to Honolulu, having been selected by the San Francisco Call to represent that paper there during the annexation crisis. If there should be war, which fortunately is not likely, she will act as war correspondent. Even without war the commission is an important one and of a kind not usually given to a woman.—Chicago Woman's News.

**LIGHT AND AIRY.**  
**The Worst.**  
We have read of men whose fame will last a day.  
Who for daring broke all records of the day.  
Whose audacity so grand  
Was of Himalayan brand  
And would efforts of all others defy.  
But we're ready now emphatically to say  
That they none of them were "in it" with the jay  
Who is bold to that degree  
That he owns himself to be  
The man who wrote "In the Road to Bedlam."—Boston Courier.

**With or Without.**  
"Stamps, please," curtly said the young lady.  
"With or without?" queried the facetious drug clerk.  
"With or without? Without what?" was the indignant inquiry.  
"Whiskers, ma'am. One-centers has no whiskers on Columbus. The 2-centers has."—Philadelphia Call.

**Presence of Mind.**  
"Jennie, did I not hear Mr. Forkehope kissing you last evening in the parlor?"  
"No, mother."  
"Are you sure? It sounded very much like it."  
"Quite sure. There was a box of candy on the table, and the noise you heard, was caused by his eating a piece."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**A Question of Pride.**  
"So the painting which you showed me last week has been sold to the baron for \$3,000?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, give me one for \$4,000. I want folks to see that I am a better art connoisseur than the baron."—Fliegende Blätter.

**Renunciation of Tramps.**  
Out on the dumping grounds of time,  
Far from abodes of taste,  
Two ghastly relics met and frowned  
As each the other faced.  
"And who are you?" each groaned aloud  
In dismal voice and damp.  
"I'm the souvenir spoon," one coldly said,  
"And I the souvenir stamp."—New York World.

**Explained.**  
Fogg, seeing a fly on a lady's face, remarked that the insect was indulging in a desecration.  
And this is how Fenderson repeated it in his inamorata when he saw a fly on her face: "That fly is crossing the plain. Isn't he?"—Boston Transcript.

**An Illustration.**  
"Papa," said Jack, "what is extravagance?"  
"Well, my son," returned the wise parent, "if you have a 75-cent straw hat blown off into the sea, it would be extravagant to hire a boat for a dollar to go out and get it."—Harper's Young People.

**A Matter of Doubt.**  
How oft do people undertake  
To interest or teach  
On things which wisdom most profound  
Can never hope to reach.  
See how remarks on gentle spring  
Appear in rhyme or prose,  
Though when and how this spring will come  
Is what nobody knows.—Washington Star.

**Didn't Agree With Him.**  
Clara—I see the fellow you rejected last year has gone out to the Cannibal islands as a missionary. I wonder if he has succeeded with any of the inhabitants?  
Maud—I understood by the last accounts that he was making the king very uneasy.—Detroit Free Press.

**Not Responsible.**  
Jess—Stalate threatens Miss Sears with a breach of promise suit.  
Bess—What is her defense?  
Jess—That on the night he proposed she was too sleepy to be responsible.—Brownings, King & Co.'s Monthly.

**Her Protector.**  
Of all the innovations being tried  
That women have been trying,  
The hopiest is the worst for men,  
There is no use denying.  
For when a girl has got one on—  
No truth could be profounder—  
There isn't any man on earth  
Can ever get around her.—Cloak Review.

**Appropriate.**  
Tommy—There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call Postscript. Do you know why?  
Mamma—No, dear.  
Tommy—Because her name is Adaline Moore.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Finding Out.**  
Dawson (to stranger at Mrs. de Noo's reception)—Who the devil is this Mrs. de Noo anyhow?  
Stranger—She is Mr. de Noo's wife.  
Dawson—And who on earth is De Noo?  
Stranger—I—Truth.

**A Recluse.**  
"Will you give me your heart, pretty maid?  
It would fill all my life with content."  
And she smiled and blushed as she said,  
"Oh, I can't now, sir! It is Lent."—Kansas City Journal.

**An Awful Example.**  
Clara—Mr. Montrose leads a life of wasteful opportunity.  
Maud—How so?  
Clara—He lives out of town and has to pass through a long tunnel twice a day all by himself.—Truth.

**Hotel Towels.**  
Hotel Keeper—Yes, sir, you'd be surprised at the number of towels we lose—hundreds every year, sir—hundreds.  
Traveler—Ah, yes, I see. Guests mistake 'em for handkerchiefs.—New York Weekly.

**On Exhibition.**  
From all the world they're coming—  
Prince, peasant, noble, churl—  
To see the exposition  
And the Yankee summer girl.—New York Herald.

**The Real Meaning.**  
G. Whitaker—I see the weather bureau reports "no storm in sight."  
G. Wilkins—Sorry to hear it. That generally means that we are going to have a storm that is "out of sight."—Buffalo Express.

**Honest.**  
He—Don't you think you could love me just a little?  
She (decidedly)—No; I'm one of those impulsive creatures who never do things by halves.—New York Press.

**At the Ring-side.**  
We don't want to fight;  
But, by Jingo, if required,  
We can do like pugilists  
And talk you mighty tired.—Kansas City Journal.

**IT WAS BUT A DREAM.**  
Oh, it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played!  
And here the sky and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glad  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.  
Our silken sails in lazy folds  
Drooped in the breathless breeze,  
As o'er a field of marigolds  
Our eyes swam over the seas;  
While here the eddies lapped and curled  
Around the island's rim,  
And up from out the underworld  
We saw the mermen swim.  
And it was dawn and middle day  
And midnight—'till the moon  
On silver rounds across the bay  
Had climbed the skies of June—  
And here the glowing, glorious king  
Of day ruled o'er his realm,  
With stars of midnight glittering  
About his diadem.  
The sea gull reeled on languid wing  
In circles round the mast,  
We heard the songs the sirens sang  
As we went sailing past  
And up and down the golden sands  
A thousand fairy throngs  
Flung at us from their flashing hands  
The echoes of their songs.  
Oh, it was but a dream I had  
While the musician played!  
For here the sky and here the glad  
Old ocean kissed the glad  
And here the laughing ripples ran,  
And here the roses grew  
That threw a kiss to every man  
That voyaged with the crew.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## LUCILLE.

Dr. Harrisse, like most men, was fond of a pretty face, and when he caught one glimpse of Lucille's as the wind blew her veil aside on the homeward trip of the Malta he wished he was her cousin or the stout ship surgeon who dared offer her his arm for a promenade. There was something almost familiar in the face too. Where had he met her? At what german or reception, in the salons of the best society or in the wards of some hospital? Or was it only a trick of imagination? Had he waltzed with her at some seaside hop or taken her out at some state dinner or wedding breakfast?  
Dr. Harrisse was a bold man in his way. The few days on the Malta had hung like lead on his hands, there being but a handful of cabin passengers, and many of those without their sea legs. He was a man quick to think, but somewhat forgetful. His eyes met Lucille's. A smile of recognition illumined her face. He bowed confidently and advanced toward her.  
"I am happy to meet you again," he said unblushingly. "Perhaps you find it as dull aboard as I do?"  
"If you are at your wife's end for amusement, as I am, I'm sorry for you," she said. "My poor aunt has not been able so far to lift her head from the pillow."

"Who the deuce do I know with the appendage of an aunt?" Harrisse mentally considered. "However, it doesn't signify if she is only amusing and the aunt is not an ogre."  
The ship's surgeon, Dr. Johns, consulted his watch.  
"I'll be obliged to deliver you to the tender mercies of Dr. Harrisse, Miss Lindsay," he said as he hurried away.  
"You see I am lame still," she presently remarked.

"Is it possible?" he returned, feeling as if he was groping in the dark. Had one of his acquaintances suffered an accident which had escaped his memory? She took it for granted that he was familiar with the circumstances. A mistake might expose him. "But doubtless it will wear off in time," he hazarded.  
"I fear not. You don't realize that the accident happened six years ago. I used it too soon. I must ride, you know, at that time or die. It was weak, and I got another fall and broke it again."  
"I am sincerely sorry to hear it," said Dr. Harrisse.

Was it possible that he had known this blooming creature six years and had neglected to cultivate her? Now he would learn by experience and make the most of the present.  
"Is this your first visit abroad?"  
"Yes. I have been away five years. I call Europe my schoolroom. I didn't know anything when I left America except riding, you know. I was a perfect dunce. I have studied the arts and languages. I can sing and speak to you in five tongues."

"With the tongues of men and angels, I've no doubt."  
"I can paint you a picture that will not be half bad. Have I not used my opportunities?"  
"I would to heaven I had used mine half so well."  
And then the interesting subject was allowed to drop.

But Lucille and Dr. Harrisse had a thousand other things to discuss. He delighted in a woman who dared to disagree with him. They found that they had just missed each other at Interlachen; that he had only been prevented by a chance from joining the party with which she had made the ascent of Mount Blanc. They had mutual friends abroad, but still the great enigmas, where he had known her in America, remained unsolved.

But he troubled himself very little about it just now. He was drifting with the tide. He was passing through a new phase of existence. He had believed himself invincible, and behold, he had been conquered by the "touch of hand, turn of head." It was absurd perhaps for a man of his years to be so easily enchanted. He rather longed for the end of the voyage in order to discover if it was only the glamour of a pretty face and a sweet manner that infatuated him. He assured himself that it would.

It seemed to Dr. Harrisse about this time that Dr. Johns was always joining them, that he had a weakness himself for Miss Lindsay, and Harrisse smiled, thinking how futile it was.  
"You remember Captain Hamerton?" asked Dr. Johns on one of these occasions, when the talk had somehow drifted upon love and marriage.

"Oh, certainly," said Harrisse, wishing Captain Hamerton and Dr. Johns were in the Red sea, figuratively speaking.  
"I remember him—an ancient mariner or somebody, eh?"  
"Well, you know, he fell in love with a circus rider. Fact. And he 60 if a day. Real love affair!"  
"Oh, well," said Dr. Harrisse, "there must be naught girls and circus riders perhaps, but we don't choose our wives and sweethearts from among them."  
"I think I must go below," said Lucille, "the sun is withering."  
Naturally enough Lucille was tired of the surgeon's reminiscences. Naturally she felt no interest in the vulgar loves of circus riders and old beaux.

"You will miss the sunset," he said aside, detaining her. "Dr. Johns will be gone presently. Let us see the evening star come out together on the last night at sea."  
"And I suppose he married her and lived happily ever after," said Harrisse, having carried his point and turning to Dr. Johns.  
"No, she wouldn't marry him, but when he died he left her a fortune, and she left the profession."  
"And the Hamertons were of the Mayflower stock."  
"Do you know—can you guess, Lucille—can you guess who my love is?"  
"I was never good at enigmas," a little indistinctly.  
"Dr. Harrisse, do you remember when you first met me?"  
"It seems to me that I have known you always," he evaded.  
"I thought that you remembered when I first saw you here."  
"Could I ever forget you, Lucille?"  
"It seems so," smiling faintly. "But I have a confession to make."  
"So have I."  
"You will believe that I have deceived you."  
"If this be deception, let me be deceived forever."  
She smiled faintly.  
Here Dr. Johns joined them again. When they parted the next morning, he said:  
"I shall see you, if I may, at the first available moment in the week. If anything prevents, I shall write."  
Sitting down to dine the following day with his bosom friend, he said:  
"Tom, you know everything and everybody; can you tell me where I met a Miss Lucille Lindsay?"  
"She was the person Captain Hamerton wanted to marry. You remember old Hamerton?"  
"Yes."  
"Forty years her senior. He tempted her with jewels as Faust tempted Marguerite with kindness and luxury, but although she was only a poor little circus rider she wouldn't have him. When he died, he left her half his big estates. I heard she went abroad. She broke a bone falling from her horse in the circus. I suppose I must have set it. Gone, eh? Been on the ragged edge of flirtation on the voyage? Fancy a Harrisse marrying a circus rider! How Beacon street would howl!"  
Dr. Harrisse was perhaps thankful that his patients demanded his attention, and gave him no time to think or visit at once, and that an important case made it impossible, as he said to himself, to do other than to postpone Miss Lindsay. One day he met Dr. Johns coming away from her presence. He had an air of suppressed excitement about him. It was a year since they had parted on the Malta. "The fellow is almost handsome," thought Harrisse, "and he is in love with Lucille."  
He acted upon his determination to call, but Miss Lindsay was engaged with a headache and begged Dr. Harrisse would excuse her.  
The words sounded strangely to him; he felt dazed and miserable and angry with Dr. Johns, as if his visit had something to do with it. All at once the fact that Lucille had begun life as a circus rider seemed trivial and of no importance compared with the greater fact that he loved her. Let those laugh who win.

He never remembered having been in such a hurry before in his life. Why had he postponed happiness so long? It was late in the following day when he received Lucille's reply:  
Your kind words—she wrote—have carried me back to those halcyon days on the Malta, when I believed myself as desperately in love as you believe yourself to be today. I confessed all this to Dr. Johns when he proposed to me yesterday morning, and he was willing to absolve me.  
Dr. Harrisse tossed the letter into the grate and went out to his patients.  
It was perhaps half a dozen years later, when looking over some old papers he happened on the charred remnants of Lucille's letter, which his servant had rescued from the fire and folded away. He opened it curiously and lingered over it fascinated.  
I confessed all to Dr. Johns when he proposed to me yesterday morning—it's read—but if you love me—poor Dr. Johns! I should like to punish you. I should like to quote to you, "There must be naught girls and circus riders perhaps, but we don't choose our wives and sweethearts from among them," and refuse your gift—but love you."  
At this date, however, Lucille had long been Mrs. Dr. Johns.—Texas Sittings.

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